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M. R. BENNHAWAIIAN PICTURES, STATION-  
ERY, PICTURE FRAMING,  
OFFICE SUPPLIES.YE ARTS AND CRAFTS SHOP  
1122 Fort St.'FIGHTING FRED' FUNSTON IS  
EXPECTED TO GIVE 'EM THRILLSHis Dash and Bravery in  
Easterners Revive Stories of  
Days and Wars Gone By"Some of the old thrill of '98 runs  
up our spines," says the Baltimore  
News, "when we read that Fred Fun-  
ston leads the troops sent to Vera  
Cruz." But Brigadier-general Fun-  
ston's Philippine days were over 15  
years ago, and many Americans have  
forgotten the details of the events  
that gave to Funston his present rank  
in 1901, at 36 years of age. The News  
continues:If there is anywhere a modern hero  
of romance, his name is Funston. In  
the old days he fought for Cuba  
Libre; he has been reporter, botan-  
ist, Alaskan explorer, but always with  
the elan, the joyous spirit of adventure,  
that marks the true soldier of  
fortune. To Funston a little matter  
of swimming a tropical river and cap-  
turing Aguinaldo was a mere happy  
detail in the day's work. On second  
thought, it was part of the night's  
work, for it was pitch dark in Luzon  
when that little trick was turned and  
the Philippine insurrection breathed its  
last.Whether he has been a good peace  
soldier, nobody knows or cares. He  
may have proved wonderfully expert  
in unfolding and refolding red tape  
and signing requisitions for hams and  
shoes, or he may have been an ordi-  
nary or extraordinary failure at these  
routine tasks.What matters? He is just the man  
to attend to things down in Mexico.  
When an emergency presented, he  
has never failed.He was born in Carlsle, O., in 1865,  
moving with his family to Kansas at  
the age of three, from which state his  
father went some time later as Con-  
gressman to Washington. His educa-  
tion extended through the second year  
at the university of Kansas, but then  
the spirit of adventure claimed him  
and severed him from the humdrum  
life of his upbringing. As the New  
York Tribune remarks:He was born with a wandering foot,  
which has taken him from the arctic  
to the tropics seeking adventure. He  
is the kind of man who can find ad-  
venture anywhere.In 1888, an off school year, he be-  
came a Santa Fe train-conductor. At  
different times his route lay all the  
way from Kansas City to Albuquerque  
and south to the Gulf of Mexico.  
Among his other duties was that of  
train-bouncer. He doesn't weigh much  
now, but he weighed less than 100  
pounds then, and yet that fact didn't  
stand in the way of his success as a  
bouncer. The record of his guilt is  
still, perhaps, in the clogged supreme  
court of Kansas, where damage suits  
against the Santa Fe have long waited  
judgment-day.And among the greasers and cow-  
boys of New Mexico, Colorado and  
Western Kansas there is still a myth  
to the effect that the Santa Fe once  
put a human marmot on its trains,  
which concealed death in its right  
hand and lingering illness in its left.He was made brigadier-general in  
1901, when he was 36 years old. Be-  
fore then he had been farmer, col-  
lege student, train-conductor, news-  
paper man, magazine writer, collector  
of botanical specimens, soldier of for-  
tune and lover of Kipling—always.Probably no man ever paid Rudyard  
Kipling the compliment that Funston  
paid him in Alaska, for on a long jour-  
ney over a thousand hills he carried  
in his pack, where every ounce of  
weight became a torture, copies of  
the "Barrack-Room Ballads" and the  
stories of Mulvaney and his friends.He took part in an expedition into  
Death Valley desert that nearly proved  
fatal to the whole party and was at-  
tended with such terrible sufferings  
that one of the number became per-  
manently insane. He went to Alaska  
on a government commission and  
traveled 3500 miles alone over snow  
and ice, lying through the long days  
of an arctic winter, sleeping and  
hunting for 18 months. The record  
of his experiences he put in an article  
which appeared in Scribner's in No-  
vember, 1896. He was in Mexico in  
1895 on a coffee plantation, then in  
New York doing newspaper work, and  
then he went to Cuba as a lieutenant  
of artillery.The particulars of General Funston's  
start in Cuba are not generally known,  
but form in themselves an interesting  
and significant chapter in the story  
of his career. The Grand Rapids Press  
tells of the strange way in which he  
got his chance. In June of 1896, he  
was wandering about New York, as  
newsman and botanist, a man  
from the wilds and out of his element  
in the big city. He was waiting for  
opportunity. It came, and a month or  
two later in the same year he was  
with the Cuban Junta in New York,  
learning how to manage a Hotchkiss  
12-pounder, breech-loading rifle, and  
enheartened by the promise of all the  
adventure he wanted soon to come. It  
happened through an idea that came  
to him while he was knocking about  
in his reportorial capacity, as follows:He went to Palma, afterward presi-  
dent of Cuba, but then in charge of  
the Junta in New York. He asked  
the Cuban patriot to give him a  
chance to lend his services to the suf-  
fering republic as a filibuster. The  
Cuban patriot refused his offer. He  
was afraid that Funston was a spy.  
Funston went to a friend and got a  
letter of recommendation to the old  
Cuban. Mr. Palma looked him over,  
told him to buy a cannon and learn  
the art of handling it.Fred Funston made good. He learned  
every detail of the construction of  
the Hotchkiss. He demonstrated be-  
fore the members of the Junta. A  
few weeks later he embarked for Cu-  
ba as a filibuster, right under the  
noses of Spanish spies and United  
States secret-service men. He waslaunched on his career as a fighter.  
In Cuba he and five other Americans  
made up a large part of the artillery  
of the army of Cuban patriots. He  
had charge of the same Hotchkiss  
gun. He saw action, immediately on  
his landing, under General Gomez and  
later under General Garcia. Both  
these men were veterans of the Ten  
Year War, the hopeless struggle for  
Cuban independence, which was finally  
closed by United States interven-  
tion. He was given a commission as  
captain. In the fall of Guaimoro, Fun-  
ston and his gun took an important  
part, opening the way in the fortifi-  
cations through which the victorious  
Cubans took the town.He was made lieutenant-colonel in  
the Cuban army. Toward the end of  
the struggle he was wounded, captured  
by the Spaniards, and, wracked by  
tropical fever, his recovery was con-  
sidered doubtful.It appears that, at the time of his  
capture, he had in his possession an  
order for parole from General Garcia  
to the president of the Cuban repub-  
lic, which had not as yet been hon-  
ored by the latter official. This, at the  
very moment that he was explaining  
to the Spaniards that he had come to  
surrender, he managed to hide in his  
mouth, so that his captors did not  
find it. Consequently he was released  
by court martial and sent home. In  
the Philippines, though lame from a  
gunshot wound, his fighting was as  
characteristically terrier-like as ever.  
He was constantly aggressive and pit-  
ilessly persistent; but he bore every  
hardship himself that he compelled  
his soldiers to undergo and they were  
devoted to him. Said one of them,  
according to the Tribune, "Colonel  
Funston is proud of us, and maybe  
we are not proud of him! He is the  
best little fighter in the islands. He  
is always in the thickest of the fight."  
The same paper comments on the dif-  
ferent accounts of the taking of Agu-  
inaldo, and repeats Funston's own ac-  
count of the affair:General Funston has told the story in  
Scribner's Magazine of the cap-  
ture of Aguinaldo, a story that differs  
in an important particular from the  
versions cabled to the United States  
from Manila, upon the return of the  
Vicksburg to Manila, on March 28,  
1901, with the hero and his adventur-  
ous comrades on board. Colonel  
Funston himself did not take part in  
the sudden and unlooked-for attack  
on Aguinaldo's body-guard, and the  
seizure of the Filipino leader in his  
quarters, as was supposed when the  
story was published.A Manila dispatch dated March 28,  
1901, purported to give General Fun-  
ston's "story of the capture of Agu-  
inaldo." It was a long story, and the  
details were evidently supplied by  
him. In the retelling they must have  
suffered variation from the strict line  
of accuracy, for in the dispatch there  
occurs this statement:"When the firing began, General  
Funston assumed command and di-  
rected the attack on the house, per-  
sonally assisting in the capture of  
Aguinaldo."Another version printed at the time  
says that "simultaneously with the  
delivery of the volleys the American  
officers rushed into Aguinaldo's  
house."General Funston has now told us  
over his own signature that, before  
the American officers came up, the  
ingenious tragedy was played to the  
end by Lazaro Segovia, the Spanish  
secret-service agent, and by Hilario  
Pascido, the drafted Filipino volun-  
teer who led the masquerading Maca-  
hebes and who seized Aguinaldo as a  
prisoner after Segovia had shot down  
two of his staff, the capture being  
made in a room of the house occupied  
by Aguinaldo. General Funston  
says:"In the meantime, we Americans  
with our supposed guard had reached  
the river, jumped into the banca wait-  
ing for us and had paddled across in  
frantic haste. Running up the bank  
toward the house, we were met by  
Segovia, who came running out, his  
face aglow with exultation and his  
clothing spattered with the blood of  
the men he had wounded. He called  
out in Spanish: 'It is all right. We  
have him!' We hastened into the  
house, and I introduced myself to  
Aguinaldo, telling him that we were  
officers of the American army, that  
the men with us were our troops and  
not his, and that he was a prisoner  
of war. He was given assurance that  
he need fear no bad treatment. He  
said in a dazed sort of way, 'Is this  
not some joke?'"Two days after Aguinaldo was turned  
over to General MacArthur at Man-  
ila, Funston was made a brigadier-  
general by President McKinley.But while this incident is the most  
celebrated of the little general's ca-  
reer, and earned for him the biggest  
material reward, it was by no means  
the most thrilling. There follows an  
account from Scribner's in Funston's  
own words, of another encounter dur-  
ing the Filipino insurrection that for  
sheer thrills far surpasses it:For some days previous to this  
time—February 5, 1898—the insur-  
gents had almost hourly grown more  
insulting in speech and daring in man-  
ner. The conflict so soon to occur  
had been merely precipitated on Feb-  
ruary 2 by an insurgent officer, with  
a detachment of about 40 natives—all  
armed and very drunk—attempting to  
pass the line held by the Nebraska  
regiment. On that occasion only the  
tact and soldierly attitude of Colonel  
Stansburg prevented a fight.that man of Nebraska fired to kill.  
The first barricade was pushed and  
the fight was on. I had just gone to bed when Major  
Metcalf knocked at my door and said:  
"Colonel, it's on! It's on!" To tumble  
out and strike a light and hastily dress  
took but a very few minutes—all ex-  
cept the dressing—I couldn't find one  
boot. You would think a man could  
find a boot in two seconds in a lighted  
room. I'm afraid that I was some-  
what excited. The boot found, I called  
the orderlies to saddle the ponies,  
and going out on a rear balcony of my  
quarters with the major, far away  
to the east and working to the north  
we could hear the "pac-oww, pac-oww,"  
that unmistakable double report of  
Mausers.Arriving near our outpost, that had  
gradually crept toward our front from  
away off on the right, broke out ahead  
of us. We could hear Captain Clark  
with the greatest coolness, giving his  
commands for volley-firing, then sat  
spat! the bullets from the enemy sped  
by or landed in nipa huts.It was odd how quiet had crept  
over the men, and it crept so quickly,  
too; no more laughter—now it was  
business. But their eagerness was not  
abated, and the check on their chaf-  
ing was indeed but temporary; they  
soon broke out again. To add to the  
racket—there was no confusion—at  
irregular intervals there tore over our  
heads shrapnel from the old smooth-  
bore that the rebels had planted about  
three-quarters of a mile to our front.  
That old cannon kept ripping out its  
infernal roar, and the men were fairly  
crazy to locate its position. Once es-  
tablished, we opened with volleys, fir-  
ing slowly and well under control, but  
the insurgents, with plenty of ammu-  
nition, kept the scenery pretty thor-  
oughly punctured with their rifle-  
fire.Through the long night their fire  
kept up, now ragged and slow and  
then bursting into quick, fierce vol-  
leys.As we stood, even for that brief  
while, the pops grew into a dull roar.  
My own regiment, though quartered  
in town, maintained a strong outpost  
of 70 men on the Calocan road, and  
I felt that in but a short time they,  
too, would be engaged. . . . What  
a long night it was!Daylight showed us a line of the  
enemy, some 300 yards away, behind  
a barricade—and daylight also brought  
with it a terrific fire from the navy.  
But my two advances had thrown the  
left of my regiment pretty well up in-  
to the line of their shell-fire—  
indeed, it looked a bit as if the navy  
were shelling my left. . . . I encour-  
aged my men preparatory to making  
a charge. I must confess that I was  
not absolutely sure that the insurgent  
fire was inaccurate, but I said: "Come  
on men; I don't think they can stop  
us," and sounding the charge we went  
at them. It was grand; it was superb.  
Arriving at a point 60 yards from the  
first barricade I did what I would not  
do again, because it would be unnee-  
cessary; we halted and fixed bayonets.  
That done, there was no stopping us.The first barricade was pushed and  
taken, the men going right in on top  
of the rebels, and the second, 150  
yards further on and not hitherto  
seen, we also assaulted, and, when  
the resulting slight confusion had  
been overcome, we prepared to treat  
an insurgent blockhouse to our left in  
a similar manner, but just then we  
received peremptory orders to with-  
draw—we had gotten ahead at too rapid  
a gait—and we went reluctantly back  
to our former position.Reassembling in fours, we took up  
the return march, and then I had had  
the most distinct shock of all that I  
have experienced during this cam-  
paign. The navy reopened fire, and  
a shell—a shrapnel, seemingly as big  
as a bucket—struck within 50 yards  
and to the right front of the head of  
the column. Exploding with a terrific  
crash, it literally swept with its frag-  
ments and bullets a path across our  
very route.How we escaped, for it was right  
on top of us, I shall never even hazard  
a guess; but we did escape. For  
that matter the whole night had been  
a period of great and good luck in  
casualties, for, during the first ad-  
vance in column up that narrow street  
under Mauser- and artillery-fire and  
all the subsequent long hours of wait-  
ing for the day to come, not a man  
had been touched. It was marvelous,  
but it was fortunately true.EDUCATION AND COMEDY  
FEATURED AT EMPIRECruel injustice is done in a photo-  
drama of several thousand feet in  
length that will be featured as a star  
attraction at the Empire theater this  
afternoon and evening when the pic-  
ture, "The Hero of Consequences," is  
offered patrons of this house for the  
first time. However all's well that  
ends well, and everyone comes to the  
front and center of the stage indicat-  
ing that troubles have vanished. The  
plot is interesting because of the ap-  
parently hopeless way in which the  
characters are scattered. They all  
meet at the interesting climax.The program for today combines  
both educational and comedy feature  
films. A tour through the Caucasian  
mountains is depicted by the aid of  
the camera. Some clever photography  
is combined to make this picture one  
of the best displayed on a local screen  
in many weeks.As a comedy, "When Wife Be-  
comes Boss" is a work that will pro-  
duce the requisite number of laughs.  
"Over the Crib" is a stirring drama in  
which several favorites on the moving  
picture stage are seen to good advan-  
tage. "Those Troublesome Treasures"  
is a comedy selection that has been  
highly praised on the mainland.A meeting of the membership com-  
mittee of the Young Men's Christian  
Association will be held in the office  
of the general secretary at 5 o'clock  
tomorrow afternoon, at which time  
several new members will be voted  
into the association.—like Handing Them to You  
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